

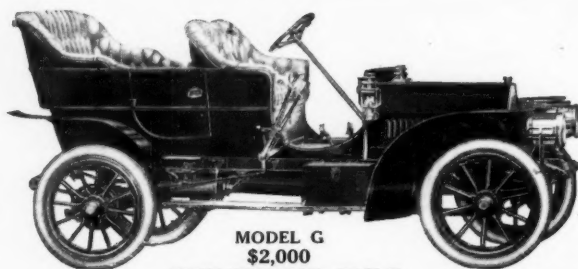


# Life



No 19'07





MODEL G  
\$2,000  
FOUR CYLINDER—25 H. P.

Distinctively "Cadillac" Throughout

# Model G CADILLAC 1908

This and All Models Now Ready

Judge Model G by performance, not price. On track, road and hill its superiority over cars of twice its price and thrice its rated power has been repeatedly demonstrated. There is noticeable simplicity in its design, with unprecedented efficiency at every point—speedy, powerful, flexible, silent, sensitive. Material and workmanship distinctively "Cadillac" throughout—a guarantee of the best construction. Has endurance to the limit of mechanical possibility.

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Among the other Cadillac winners are the sturdy single cylinder cars (Model S, Runabout, \$850 and Model T, Touring Car, \$1,000) and the luxurious four-cylinder Model H. The smaller types, as dependable and carefully built as ever, now have increased wheel base and longer rear springs, greatly adding to their easy riding qualities. Described in catalog T 45.

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This is the title of a 64-page booklet compiled from sworn statements of a large number of users of single cylinder Cadillacs. Gives facts and figures which buyers want to know. Mailed free if you ask for Booklet No. 45.

Model H is an example of exclusive automobile designing and careful execution. Possesses that quietness, smoothness, abundance of reserve energy and luxury of riding which other makers strive to accomplish by a greater number of cylinders with consequent complications. A comparative demonstration will prove this. Thirty horse-power, capable of 50 miles an hour. \$2,500 f. o. b. factory. Described in catalog H 45.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO., Member A. L. A. M., Detroit, Mich.



The 1908

Model 18 is now offered to the public as a development and refinement

of previous models, with no radical changes.

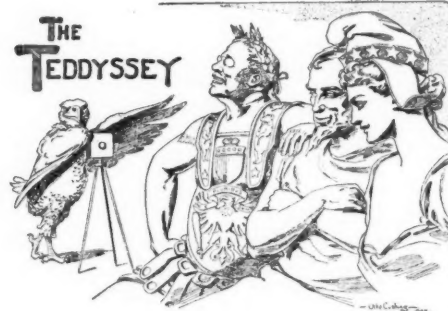
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Member A. L. A. M.

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All That The Name Implies



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OTHO CUSHING

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Thirty-two Large Pages

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, New York

## The Literary Zoo -

### Popular Writers and Their Methods

#### II

UPTON SINCLAIR gives a year, with slight intermissions, to the production of a novel, and goes to the country to do it. An exception was "Arthur Stirling," which he wrote in six weeks. His method of work is rather unique. With his feet considerably higher than his head, he writes with a pencil on a pad—sixteen hours a day for a week or two at a stretch. Then he rests awhile. His daily output, however, is at best but one or two thousand words, as he learns everything by heart in his mind before he writes a word, and makes very few changes.

\* \* \*

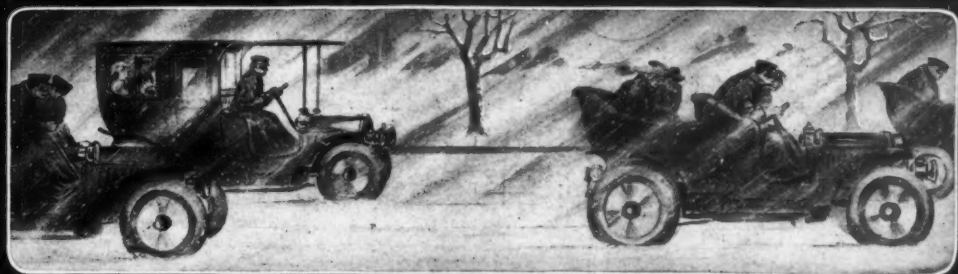
JAMES B. CONNOLLY, on the other hand, during his six months of literary labors, manages to turn out from two thousand to five thousand words in longhand, in from two to three hours between breakfast and luncheon, four mornings in the week. Later he expands the first draft to double its original length. When this has been copied on a typewriter he corrects it. In his opinion an author should write his rough draft of a story or an essay at one sitting.

\* \* \*

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS, immersed in the fastnesses of Staten Island, confesses that all the year's actual time he spends in writing is small, but that the amount of time ruined by thinking he ought to be writing is very great. "How many hours a day do I write, and how much?" he echoes. "Where are the ships of Tyre? Where's Charley Ross? Moses when light went out? Who hit Billy Patterson? etc. The truth is, I have no more habits than this climate. I try to write in the morning until tired. I should keep on after that and be a genius, and a dyspeptic. My tummy takes the place of inspiration. When that behaves I write absorbedly—lost to the world—a sort of trance *du vent*. I write in longhand. Alterations? As God wills. Sometimes nothing is left of the first stab. Sometimes merely cut out the Latin and commas. There are times when I write much better than I can revise."

\* \* \*

"I DON'T know why," says Stanley Waterloo, "but ideas and fancies seem to come to me best on a fast-moving train; and sometimes, when specially interested in the subject, I take a train out for an hour or two, catching one back at some

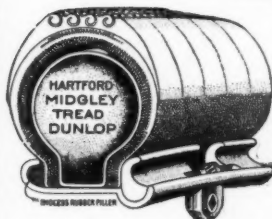


## On Days Like These

IT IS ALMOST CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE TO DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE UNLESS IT IS EQUIPPED WITH

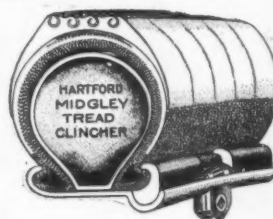
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U. S. Agents, New York



station and writing throughout the journey. I rather like it."

Mr. Waterloo is one who drives successfully the double team of literature and journalism. In spite of newspaper demands, he manages to put in about half the year at literary tasks—turning out, in longhand, from 300 to 3,000 words in three hours of work and afterward revising the typewritten copy—when he does not throw the whole thing away, to begin anew. Now and then he dictates the first draft. Not a little of his work is done with a pad and pencil, wherever he happens to be when ideas come to him.

\* \* \*

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, who had a *Sun* training, with a postgraduate course in the Pulitzer editorial page school of journalism, says that the longer he writes the harder he finds it. He toils all the year round, in city and country, from two or three hours to eight or ten daily—never with a typewriter or amanuensis—and seldom gets as a net result more than one or two thousand words. When he is through revising, there is little left of the original draft.

\* \* \*

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS is not a creature of habits, and takes little note of his methods. He uses a pen and rewrites his manuscript many times.

\* \* \*

HAMLIN GARLAND is one of those who "waits for the mood." But for twenty years he has set aside the morning, from seven till noon, for literary labor; and if new ideas do not come, he puts in the time at revision. "I find myself more and more critical of my manuscript," he says, "and I keep at it regularly up to the page-proof. In fact, I am never satisfied with what I have done. I write in longhand and attack the copies with pen and scissors. I like a sunny room; no midnight oil for me. As for dialogue, I can set it down only when all is quiet and when I am in the best of condition. I can't do any of the 'big stunts' you hear about. It takes me a year or more to write a novel, and I carry some of these themes in my head for three or four years before they work out. I am always busy—not only during my brief visits to New York, but even on the trail and the mountains, where I make notes and think out my plots."

\* \* \*

STEWART EDWARD WHITE breathes the atmosphere of his books. When the gyroscopic railway makes California a suburb of New York, he may visit Manhattan oftener. Meanwhile he works, about half the year, on the Pacific coast—usually at "The Jumping Off Place" in Santa Barbara; but sometimes in a cabin he has built some eighty miles in from the



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railway in the Sierras, at the 7,000-foot mark. He writes, with a pen, from 7.30 A. M. until 10 o'clock or thereabouts, and achieves an average output of 1,500 words, which is equal to the contents of a newspaper column. Mr. White's capacity for creative work is, therefore, much greater than most writers', especially as the original draft is his only one. It is somewhat interlined for felicity of expression, but his ideas are pretty well organized before he begins to put them down.

At his regular rate of production, Mr. White could achieve a novel and some twenty short stories within the six months of his actual working year. Can it be the California climate? We are somehow reminded of another man who lived much out-of-doors—for whose mind a house bred "a sort of insanity." "As for style of writing," said this man, Thoreau, "if one has anything to say it drops from him simply and directly, as a stone falls to the ground. There are no two ways about it, but down it comes, and he may stick in the points and stops whenever he can get a chance." An artless avowal, to be taken not too literally; for, as Stevenson has pointed out, Thoreau had already wrought out his style and framed his matter in his walks through the woods.

\* \* \*

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON has a curious plan of his own. He begins two, or even three, novels at practically the same time. In two weeks he is able to determine which one of these tales is most attractive to him, the easiest-going, so to say; and he promptly drops the others. In only one instance—that of "The Sherrods"—has he ever taken up again any one of the plots cast aside in this process of elimination. Occasionally he works on two stories at the same time—the short spring book and the long novel. He finds the little tale a relief—a relaxation in the course of the eight months which he takes in writing the longer one.

At least two of Mr. McCutcheon's books required nearly two years before completion. His forthcoming novel, "The Daughter of Anderson Crow," has been in the stocks for over two years. On the other hand, "Brewster's Millions," which appeared under an assumed name, was written offhand in six weeks' time. All his work is done in the seclusion of his study—a well-lighted, comparatively isolated room in his Chicago home. Here he works, more or less continuously, from one year's end to the other—writing steadily, on rare occasions, through an entire day, and always in longhand. "It is quite beyond me," says Mr. McCutcheon, "to dictate or to manipulate the typewriting machine, and I find that I have few changes to make in the original draft of the story—except in the matter of polishing, if that word may

## NOTICE

A decoction, purporting to be "Chartreuse," has been recently put on sale in this country under labels which are practically facsimile copies of the labels which had been used for many years by the Carthusian Monks (Peres Chartreux) on the famous liqueurs made by them in France before their expulsion from that country. Such use of the aforesaid labels is calculated to mislead the public into the erroneous belief that the aforesaid decoctions are the genuine manufacture of the Carthusian Monks and are made according to their ancient formulas.

The public is therefore advised that the Monks, since leaving France, have located at Tarragona, Spain, where their old-time famous liqueur is now manufactured. Although still holding title to their ancient labels and trade-marks, the present manufacture is being shipped under the label

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

The U. S. Circuit Court has held that every bottle of the SO-CALLED CHARTREUSE now offered for sale in this country must bear a label stating that "IT IS NOT MADE BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS."

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"Cyclo"-Bearing Carpet Sweeper. You can double its benefits by having two sweepers—one for up-stairs and one for down; this saves the work of carrying the sweeper up and down stairs; besides, you always have a sweeper at your command when you want it.

There is no article in the home at double the cost that contributes as much comfort, or that saves as much hard labor and fatigue, as Bissell's "Cyclo"-Bearing Sweeper. It operates easily, silently and thoroughly, raises no dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs; will last longer than fifty corn brooms. Prices: \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50. Buy a Bissell "Cyclo"-Bearing Sweeper now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week, and we will send you FREE a neat, useful present.

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How to Get PURE Horse Radish?

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is the name of our brand of horse radish, which is absolutely pure and clean, as in its manufacture and bottling it is never touched by human hands.

The "Peddled" kind is generally dirty (often filthy) and adulterated with turnip and white pepper to sharpen it, with most of its pungency and flavor gone.

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"A good man loves children and horses, and the dogs mistake him for the Santa Claus of their fireside dreams."

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be used in this connection. For several weeks after the completion of a tale I am horribly depressed. It is nothing less than nostalgia; I am lonesome—for I have grown to know and like my characters in the tale, and it means good-by forever to them all when they leave my hands. For I seldom look inside one of my books after it has left the binder's."

\* \* \*

THOMAS DIXON, JR., who writes all his books "literally with my feet in the tide," as he puts it, is rejoicing in a new home on Riverside Drive. It hangs on the cliff at One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Street, and his study windows look out over the Hudson, north, south and west. In his work on "The Traitor" Mr. Dixon has been pursuing his usual plan—devoting a year to the preliminaries and then writing the novel under great pressure in from thirty to sixty days, working from fifteen to sixteen hours a day. His least daily output is 3,000 words (an equivalent of two newspaper columns), and his maximum 8,000. The quantity depends upon the kind of chapter he is working on and the amount of time he may be devoting to chapters already written. He usually revises and interlines his manuscript three or four times before turning it over to his wife to be typewritten. The most of the fundamental changes are in plot construction; the revision of sentences and phrases is constant and at every stage of the work until five proofs have been read. Mr. Dixon writes with a big, soft, editor's pencil. "I never employ a stenographer," he says. "In fact, I can't work with any one in the room."

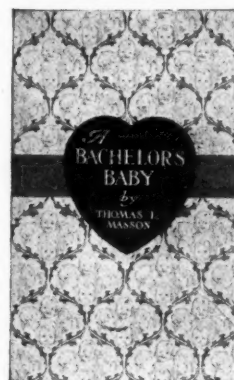
\* \* \*

IT SEEMS impossible that John Kendrick Bangs can have done so much in longhand alone, yet the pen is his one tool of trade. Confronted with the evidence of his guilt in the seventeen book-shelves containing his incomplete works, he hums an air suggesting "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," and confesses that he works four hours a day, 365 days in the year, "except in leap year, when I throw in an extra day." By the exercise of greater strait he has been known to limit his day's product to ten words. At other times, with his elbow in good working order, he has recklessly written 5,000 before the one o'clock whistle warned him to stop. He finds that revision of his manuscript is "not necessary, but desirable," and he prefers the country, with the sea near by, for a workshop. Mr. Bangs suggests that an inquiry into the state of literature would yield really valuable data if authors could only be prevailed upon to answer questions like these:

1. What breakfast food conduces to the best poetry?

## THE NEW BOOK BY THOMAS L. MASSON

Managing Editor of LIFE



## A BACHELOR'S BABY

This distinguished collection of Mr. Masson's latest and maturest humor is a book for every sane American and should have a place in every library. It is also A GIFT BOOK OF HIGH DEGREE. Uniform with "A Corner in Women."

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Made of the New Taffeta  
Feathersilk; Light, Strong,  
Pure Dye. Look and wear  
as if they cost four times  
as much as they do.

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2. When writing a novel, do you get more inspiration from boiled eggs or chicken-livers?

3. Do you consider Welsh rabbits or broiled lobsters the better diet for an author devoted to romantic fiction?

4. As a Nature Faker, do you consider the Teddybear the intellectual equal of the Mollycoddle?

5. Is a sense of humor essential to the success of a writer of Presidential messages?

6. Can you read your own books in the solemn presence of their maker without shame?

7. Barring yourself, who is your favorite author?

8. Have you a waste-basket?

9. If so, why do you not use it?

#### Shortening Useless Agonies

IN MRS. WHARTON'S latest novel a trained nurse, on her own responsibility, ends by an overdose of morphine the excruciating sufferings of a patient with a broken back, whose life, in the opinion of the nurse and all but one of the doctors, could not possibly be saved. Remarking upon this episode, the *Times Saturday Review* says:

She (Mrs. Wharton) says: "In her (Justine's) hospital experience, she had encountered cases where the useless agonies of death were mercifully shortened by the physician." It is fair to suppose that Mrs. Wharton took pains to inform herself from some reputable source; but the flippant will make the comment that the doctor who told her that is a doctor to avoid.

The flippant may make such a comment, but the thoughtful will not endorse it. Mercifully to shorten useless agonies of death is surely a good work provided it is certain that the agonies are useless and death inevitable. In the rare cases where an overdose of morphine ought to be given the doctor to avoid is the one who will not give it. It is part of the doctor's business to prevent useless suffering. In many cases—cancer cases in the last stage, for example—it is done by keeping patients under morphine until they die. In some such cases that come to be more desperate and dreadful than human nature ought to endure, no doubt an overdose is given, and the doctor thanks God that he has had the means to do an act of such indisputable mercy.

But, of course, he does not talk about it, because these rare cases lie outside the rule.

MRS. NEWLYWED: Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone.  
DOCTOR: Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour.

"Yes; but John and I and mother and the nurse have to each take a teaspoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it."—*Democratic Telegram*.

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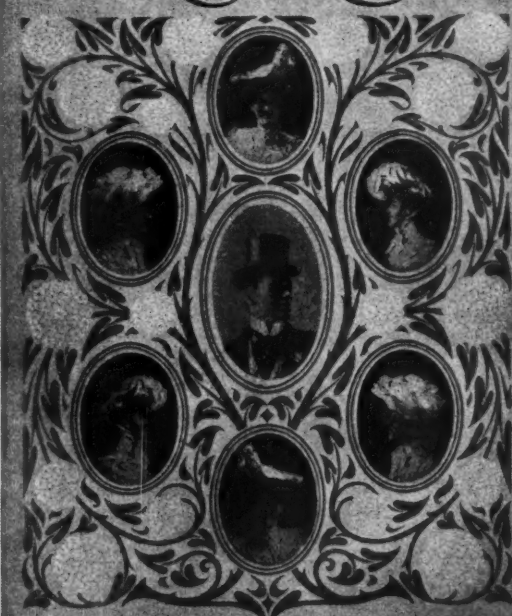
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They are equipped with the latest improvements in lamps, absolutely safe, simple in construction, no mechanism to get out of order and with perfect control of the flame.

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# LIFE



JEANNE D'AR. D'OILYANS. No. V—HER HOUR OF TRIUMPH

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## Panic



**W**HEN the Stock Exchange opened, P. B. S. railroad stock was quoted at 110, A. X. Q. at 97, Steel at 25, Copper at 51, Wheat at 96, Gas at 87, etc.

At ten minutes after ten the quotations were for P. B. S., 96; A. X. Q., 74; Steel, 21; Copper, 41; Wheat, 87; Gas, 64, and all the rest going down with them.

But at ten minutes after ten the P. B. S. was still running all its trains just as full as ever, the A. X. Q. was complaining that it couldn't get enough freight cars, the steel mills were still months behind orders, the copper mines still existed, the demand for wheat showed no signs of

decreasing, gas was still being burnt as recklessly, and everything else that was real was still in the same condition that it was at ten o'clock!

Nevertheless, there was a panic and loud cries that the country was on the verge of ruin. But no money had been burnt up and not a dollar of gold had vanished into the air! Only a lot of stage money had disappeared! Also some gamblers had to stop their little game.

Why is a stock representing a property to which nothing has happened worth ten dollars less at ten minutes after ten A.M. than it was at ten A.M.?

And why is a race track any worse than a stock exchange?

Will somebody please rise and explain

what the panic was all about and why it is a disgrace to be a proprietor of a gambling house and the business unlawful, while it is an honor to be a Stock Exchange member, no crime to corner the necessities of life or to upset the community financially, and playing ball with stocks is a respectable business?

*Henry Waldorf Francis.*

"**H**E'S a gentleman, isn't he?"  
"I don't know. I've never seen him anywhere but in good society."

**R**OOSEVELT.  
RAILROADS.  
RUIN.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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REMARKING that discussion whether President Roosevelt is a great man or not has been prevalent for a year or two, our neighbor, the *Portland Oregonian*, goes on to make discourse at some length about the Roosevelt forestry policy, and the steps taken by the President, using the knowledge and abilities of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, to save from extermination what forests we have left, and provide for their proper care and use, as well as for the reforestation of desert lands. Here is a subject of inestimable importance, with which President Roosevelt has dealt extremely well. His quality of being an expert in all the branches of knowledge has done good in some cases as well as harm in others. The same can be said of his urgent disposition to get his hands on everything. It has led him to tackle a good many neglected jobs, in many instances to the advantage of the country, and especially to the advantage of posterity. Even his bumptious and reiterative bellicosity, which is credited just now with bringing unnumbered woes on industry and finance, has by no means always been misplaced but has led him to hit the line in a good many places where it needed hitting.

To put it briefly, the country has had the use of his qualities as well as of his defects. Just now, being violently aware of the drawbacks of the rule of King Stork, we wish we had King Log again, but if we ever get King Log, the time will come when we will remember that King Stork had virtues.

Andrew Jackson, who is now freely credited with having brought on the Panic of 1837, was a political hero for seventy years afterward. It is a rash prophet who would predict that Theodore Roosevelt, having risen at forty in band music and fireworks, will go down at fifty in mud. It may fairly be doubted whether any man now in being will live to see the end of the discussion of his political career, and the matching up of the profits and the losses of it. It is true that he is not supremely wise, but he is extremely human, and that will make enormously for the preservation of his fame. Moreover, he is by no means so unwise as he appears in the lurid glare of recent panic. In his eagerness to do things he has overdone some things. Yet in the main they were things worth doing—though that, to be sure, is what the cook might have said when she scalded the milk.

The same *Oregonian* which we quote above sees in the recent panic a deep-laid plot of the Wall Street pirates against Roosevelt and the country. It seems odd that a journal that can talk sensibly about forests should harbor such preposterous delusions about financiers.



IT IS claimed that the pulling down of the Republican majority in New Jersey at the recent election signified the displeasure of the voters of that State with Colonel Roosevelt and his policies. No doubt such displeasure had to do with it, for many thousand voters from New Jersey go daily across the Hudson River to the locality where the President is less esteemed than in any other locality of equal acreage on the earth. Nevertheless, there were important local issues in the New Jersey campaign that also affected the result.

Mr. Hearst split the Democrats in Massachusetts and the Republicans in the city of New York. His candidate in San Francisco, also, was beaten. He seems nowadays a valuable ally to whichever party he opposes. He is hardly likely to do the Republicans much harm, but can fairly dispute with Mr. Bryan the distinction of being the great Democratic boll-weevil.

Mr. Roosevelt tried to help Mr. Taft's

prospects in Ohio by inducing Congressman Burton to run against the redoubtable Tom Johnson for mayor of Cleveland. Mr. Burton got beaten, for all that he is one of the best and most useful men in public life.

San Francisco reelected her reform mayor and district attorney, which is good news. Kentucky went Republican, not because it was pleased with President Roosevelt's recent orations, but because it thought that the Goebel murder had kept the Democrats in power long enough. It had. The new Republican governor hopes to get Goebel out of Kentucky politics. Well, it is time; and time, too, that Caleb Powers got some kind of justice that will stand judicial inspection. We read that Colonel Watterston took no part in the campaign, at an expense of 20,000 votes to the Democrats.



THE *Atlantic Monthly* is fifty years old, and its November issue commemorates its arrival at that respectable point of maturity by the publication of many exceedingly readable pieces about itself and its career. It is creditable to somebody that the *Atlantic* has lived and prospered so long. It ought to have lived, for it has always deserved to live, but that is not especially significant, for many periodicals live that do not very clearly deserve to, and few things would be easier, if one had fair qualifications for the job and the money to pay for it, than to make a magazine that deserved to live but didn't. Most magazines that had prospered as long and as much as the *Atlantic* would have insisted in prospering more profusely, and would either have wrecked themselves or impaired their deserts in the effort to do so. Any New York magazine would have done so. But the *Atlantic* has resisted change, pictures and excessive popularity, and offers just about the same sort of mental pasturage to-day that it did when it started.

The credit for the keeping up of the good *Atlantic* seems due, not so much to its publishers (for it has had four) or to its accomplished editors (for it has had five or six), as to its good luck in being born, and continuing always to live in the nourishing and conservative atmosphere of Boston. Long may it live there and be what it is.



# The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet

Or, The Genteel Art of Illustrating

By Oliver Herford

(Continued)



"At last I am in the swim," he cried.

## A Foiled Ambition

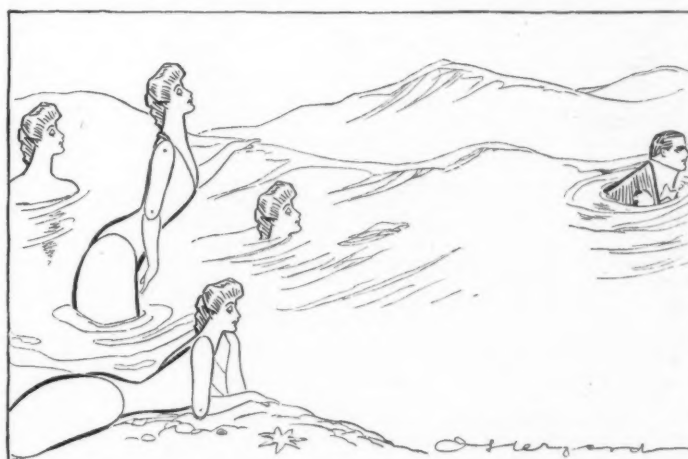
THAT vivacious censor of men and morals, Mr. Bernard Shaw, has been trying so long, so earnestly and so frankly to shock the British public into revolt, that his repeated failures have driven him to the brink of desperation. For years he has championed every known dereliction, "from murdering to missing Mass"; and the public, instead of being shocked—as he had a right to expect—has murmured appreciatively, "What a sprightly creature it is!" and has given him large sums of money to go on and do it some more. Like Sydney Smith's misguided friend, Mr. Shaw might speak disrespectfully of the equator, and no one would seriously protest. He seeks to provoke the virtuous indignation of his countrymen, and he finds himself in the position of the infant, Leigh Hunt, whom all the ladies petted at the party. "And I am the boy who said 'damn.'"

Now, as a final measure, Mr. Shaw has undertaken the defense of polygamy, and has stated his views with candor in the *London Times*. He inveighs in what has become a well-known strain against the home-bred prejudices of the "parochial Englishman" ("parochial" is a fearful word of reproach in England); and affirms that "if the Empire is to be held together by anything better than armed force, we shall have to make up our minds to bring the institutions and social experiments of our Indian subjects to a very much higher test than their conformity to the customs of Clapham." Monogamy being evidently a custom of Clapham, Mr. Shaw re-

pudiates it with scorn, and on high moral grounds; asserting that a man may have any number of illegitimate children, and yet be more ascetic in his temperament than the average respectable, faithful British husband. After which, we seem to see him leaning back exhausted in his chair, and murmuring faintly: "If that doesn't fetch them, nothing ever will."

Nothing ever will! The public refuses to be shocked. It refuses even to take Mr. Shaw seriously; and unless he tries next a defense of slavery—always a great British irritant—unless he can rub somebody sore by explaining that the ascetic father of illegitimate children may also be the benevolent master of ill-gotten slaves (more humane in temperament than the parochial Claphamite with a cook and housemaid), he must give up all hope of scandalizing his readers, and acknowledge his life's purpose a failure.

Agnes Repplier.



The next morning our hero found himself approaching a fashionable beach. To be seen in his evening clothes in the morning was out of the question. He struck out for the open sea.

## Where Do Lobsters Do the Most Good?

THE United States Fish Commission and others have declared war on the dogfish because he eats lobsters. One that was cut open the other day had four lobsters inside of him. The commission urges the extermination of the dogfish.

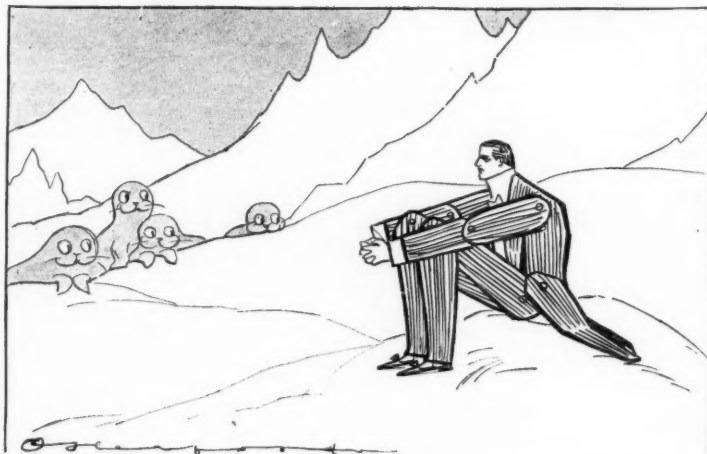
Is this fair?

We find that the dogfish has good points. He can be salted down for bait; his skin is useful for polishing;

his liver yields oil, and you can get glue out of his fins. Under the name of "Japan halibut" he makes an acceptable food fish.

Can the other consumers of lobsters make a better showing than this? The chorus girl, for example, often contains four or five lobsters. Do her fins yield glue? Salt or fresh, is she good bait? She is some prettier than the dogfish, but is she worthier of lobsters?

Let us take time for sober thought about comparative values before we exterminate the dogfish.



Aided by a strong northerly current Bertie lands at length on an iceberg in the Arctic Circle. Here he can wear evening dress for six months without disgrace. The seals gaze at him in wonder; their soft, expressionless eyes remind him of Ethelberta and Angelina.

"What a shame to hunt the pretty creatures," he said. "I for one will never use sealing-wax again."

### No Slur Intended

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Dear Life—Why did you have to enforce a good point against President Butler in one of your recent editorials to the extent of a covert slam against the university over which he has the honor to preside? Dr. Butler is an individual with whom many disagree. Columbia is an institution that has claims on you for more considerate treatment. Do you recall that it was Columbia, on Murray Street, that gave New York Governor Clinton, John Jay and Alexander Hamilton? And do you not realize that to-day Columbia, on Morningside Heights, is still closely interwoven with the life of our greatest city in a manner by no means unworthy of the best traditions of an honorable history of over one hundred and fifty years? Have you no spirit of family comradeship and loyalty to this other and older of the intellectual sons of the city?

Most obviously, with over five thousand students, Columbia does not need graduates of Groton or the Hill to keep up its registration rolls, although, for all I know, this selected aristocracy may be coming to New York right along. I take it, however, that, whatever the merits of Dr. Butler's criticism of unnamed boarding-schools, LIFE should remember that Columbia is a great university, thoroughly representative of the great city to which LIFE also owes its existence. Be charitable to a brother's faults, if such there are, and do not make use of them merely to point a jest. Your editorials are too good for that sort of talk.

Very truly yours,

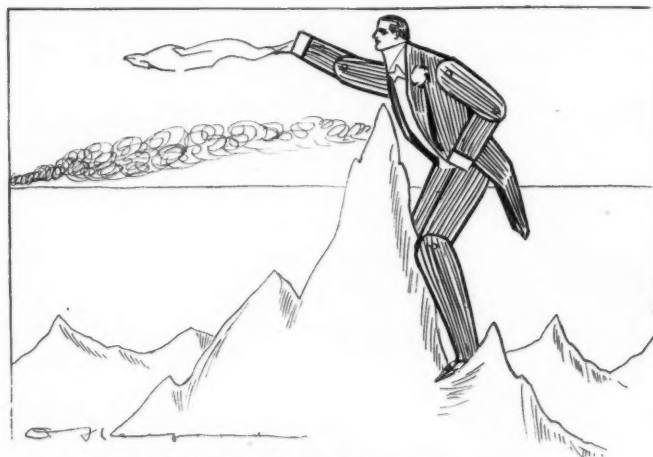
FRANK KIDDE.

In suggesting that the boys from the best known boarding-schools are not apt to go to Columbia, LIFE did not mean to disparage that university. Columbia's situation in a great city is in some particulars a detriment to its academic department, at the same time that it is a great benefit to its professional schools. If, as a rule, the boarding-school boys do not go to Columbia, it is because the life that is possible in New Haven, Princeton and Cambridge is more attractive to them than college life in New York. There is no question about Columbia's great importance as an institution of learning.—EDITOR.

### To Let

"TO BE let—at a very delicate rate,  
A snug little house in a fine, healthy state.  
'Tis a Bachelor's Heart, and the agent is Chance,  
Affection the rest, to be paid *in advance*.  
The Owner, as yet, has possessed it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value, *but soon*  
'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a Wife  
Take a lease for the term of her natural life.  
The tenant will have a few taxes to pay,  
Love, Honor, and (heaviest item) Obey!  
As for the good-will, the owner's inclined  
To have that—if agreeably settled, in kind,  
Provided true title by proof can be shown  
To a heart unencumbered, as free as his own.  
So, Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not forget  
Here's an excellent—Bachelor's Heart  
To be let.

H. P. F. B.



A ship at last! It proves to be a sealing-wax trader.

Our hero sells the seals for a fabulous sum and a passage to New York.



Sitting at his club window one evening after his return, Bertie's attention is attracted by the peculiar antics of a sacred edifice near by. The Little Church Around the Corner is actually winking at him. He hastens across the street to inquire the cause.



She came toward him with a low cry.

Once more he gazes into the beautiful, expressionless eyes of—which is it, anyway—Angelina or Ethelberta?

A strange impulse seized him. "She shall not escape me," he cried. "I will marry her without knowing which she is. Fate shall decide."

### Panic and Tariff Divorced

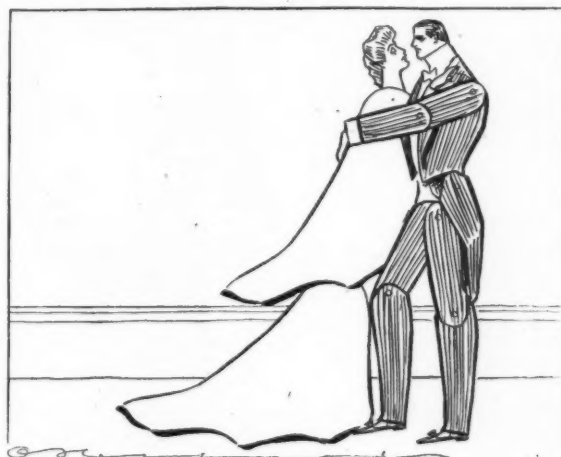
ONE distinguished service which President Roosevelt has done the country has been in keeping hands off the tariff until after we had had a panic. That may not have been what he was waiting for, but he waited.

They call it his panic. Very well. Give him credit for it. But give him credit also for demonstrating that the relation between panics and tariff changes is not so intimate as Republican platforms have been used to make out.

### Every Woman

MAN'S greatest delight—man's deepest despair—  
Fickle and feeble—faithful and fair;  
Artlessly artful—innocent air;  
Winning and sinning, a comfort—a care;  
Sweet—in deceit she is sweetest, beware!  
Harmless—if charmless (no such one is there);  
Patience personified—devil-may-care;  
Right without reason—her wisdom is rare;  
Partial and jealous—forgiving and zealous;  
Each paradox woman—half angel, half human—  
A peach I declare—thank God not a pair,  
For with double delight would come double despair!

Maurice Dunlap.



The wedding is over. They are at last alone.

"Well, my dearest," cried Bertie, as he clasped her in his arms, "which are you, Angelina or Ethelberta?"



"I am neither Angelina nor Ethelberta," she replied, throwing back her automobile coat. "I am the Trained Nurse."

THE END

### Worst President Contest

THE prize of \$50 for the cleverest answer to the question, "Who Would Make the Worst President, and Why?" has been awarded to Mr. T. R. Powell, of Burlington, Vermont. His contribution was No. 1, and is as follows:

#### No. 1

Of the pasture-full of pilots  
Strong to steer our Stately  
Craft,  
It will hardly be disputed  
That the worst is Big Bill Taft.  
For he never went to Harvard  
And he seldom shoots a bear,  
And for writing "Dear Maria"  
He doesn't seem to care.  
He's rather poor at tennis

And at writing nature-books,  
And at dubbing railroad magnates  
Liars, scoundrels, knaves and  
crooks.  
Though he might have kept the  
woolsack,  
Wielding billion-dollar fines,  
He insists on serving simply  
In less pyrotechnic lines.  
He has read the Constitution  
And forgets 'tis obsolete,  
And within the dictionary  
He has found the word "discreet."

He isn't long and lanky,  
And he isn't cold and chill;  
And as for drinking buttermilk,  
He'd rather take a pill.  
He has never bossed a Congress,  
And his talk is not profane;  
Nor is he fond of poker  
To exercise his brain.  
Hence, quite bereft of every charm  
Required to fill the bill,  
The White House down at Washington  
Is one place Bill can't fill.  
And so of all the candidates  
With which our land is curst,  
'Tis plain to every seasoned soul  
That Big Bill Taft's the worst.

JOHNSON, who overstaid his market and was caught in the squeeze and sold out, is satisfied now that all things come to him who waits.



## Life's Inside History of the Late Unpleasantness

(Compiled from authoritative sources)

### I



WE MUST be avenged."

It was early morning on a beautiful day in October as a group of depositors stood in front of the Knickerbocker Bust Company.

"Listen," said the first man in the line; "it is time that the American people knew our power. In yonder institution I have on deposit the sum of three dollars and thirty cents. I shall draw it all out but thirty cents. In the meantime do you copper Heinze, and between the two of us we will produce fifty-seven varieties of panic."

"Do you dare?" whispered Number Two. "Consider the consequences if we fail."

"In the bright lexicon of copper-mining, ice hand-me-downs and other hot-air specialties, there is no such word as fail," muttered Number One. But he little knew the fatal truth.

### II

"Gentlemen," said the first depositor to the bank officers, "my decision is final. I am going to draw out my three dollars."

"Give us time," murmured the President, piteously.

"Not a moment."

"Won't you take securities instead? Here are seventeen million bonds in the Philadelphia Ice Company. I think you could realize even four or possibly five dollars"—

"No, sir! I want something I can be sure of."

The President arose.

"It is all over," he said. We cannot stand up, of course, against this sudden demand. No institution of our reputation in the community, numbering as we do some of the best-known real estate crooks and mining experts in the country, could hold out against such a withdrawal as this.

### III

In the meantime Charley Morse was hurrying toward Wall Street.

Arriving in the quiet religious atmosphere of the Stock Exchange he rapidly entered the office of Heinze and Company.

"Gentlemen," he said, "how many banks have been bought to-day for my account?"

"Seven or eight."

"Hum. Dispose of them at once. Henceforth I lead an honest life."

The effect of this announcement was instantaneous and can better be imagined than described. The idea that any man who had once been an ice magnate should try to lead an honest life was construed only in one way—our prosperity was at an end.



"I have only ten millions about me"

London seized the opportunity to throw overboard our insurances.

Tom Lawson opened immediately a panic correspondence bureau in the *World* and *Herald*.

Brooklyn rubbed its eyes and began to roll over in bed.

The widows and orphans formed in line.

The only favorable thing to be seen was that President Roosevelt was away on a bear hunt, but faces blanched when it was authoritatively given out that he could still be heard through a megaphone.

At this moment all that was needed was the announcement that a depositor had demanded three dollars from the Knickerbocker Bust Company.



"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH"——

When this came, Wall Street as usual fainted away in the arms of our Hero, whose name will be revealed later.

#### IV

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful on the—is it Ponticano?—we think this is it—Golf Links.

John D. Rockefeller, the Israel Putnam of Westchester County, was playing golf. Little did he care that day what the price of oil was, as he blithely raised his brassie, and the bright sunlight glanced off surprisedly from his august head.

Suddenly a messenger was seen darting across the links.

A paper was presented to him.

"Dear John," it read, "here is a lovely chance to square yourself with the American people. God and the Clearing-House need you at once. J. P. M."

Throwing down his club hastily on the field, and instructing his caddy to place it at once in the safe deposit vault, John D. obeyed his country's call.

One hour later he entered J. P. Morgan's library, just as that gentleman was passing the hat.

"What are you doing?" he demanded.

"Saving the country," said J. P. Morgan, curtly. "And I might add, also ourselves. How much will you give to shine as a liberator?"

John D. felt in his pocket for his small change.

"I have only ten millions about me," he murmured, apologetically.

"Oh, well. Every little helps."

At this historical meeting, now universally known as the Passing-Around-the-Hat Conference, were some of the ablest financial heads in the country, together with one or two honest men. Who these were, however, will ever remain a mystery. History is oftentimes strangely silent when she should speak the loudest.

#### V

In the meantime, the fatal moment was arriving when the Expected Panic, advertised for months ahead in all the papers, predicted by astronomers and scheduled to come off on time even in the absence of Andrew Carnegie, was about to take place.

The Stock Exchange, stripped bare of cash, was about to be pulled by Anthony Comstock, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout.

President Thomas had entered with the first smile on his face for days.

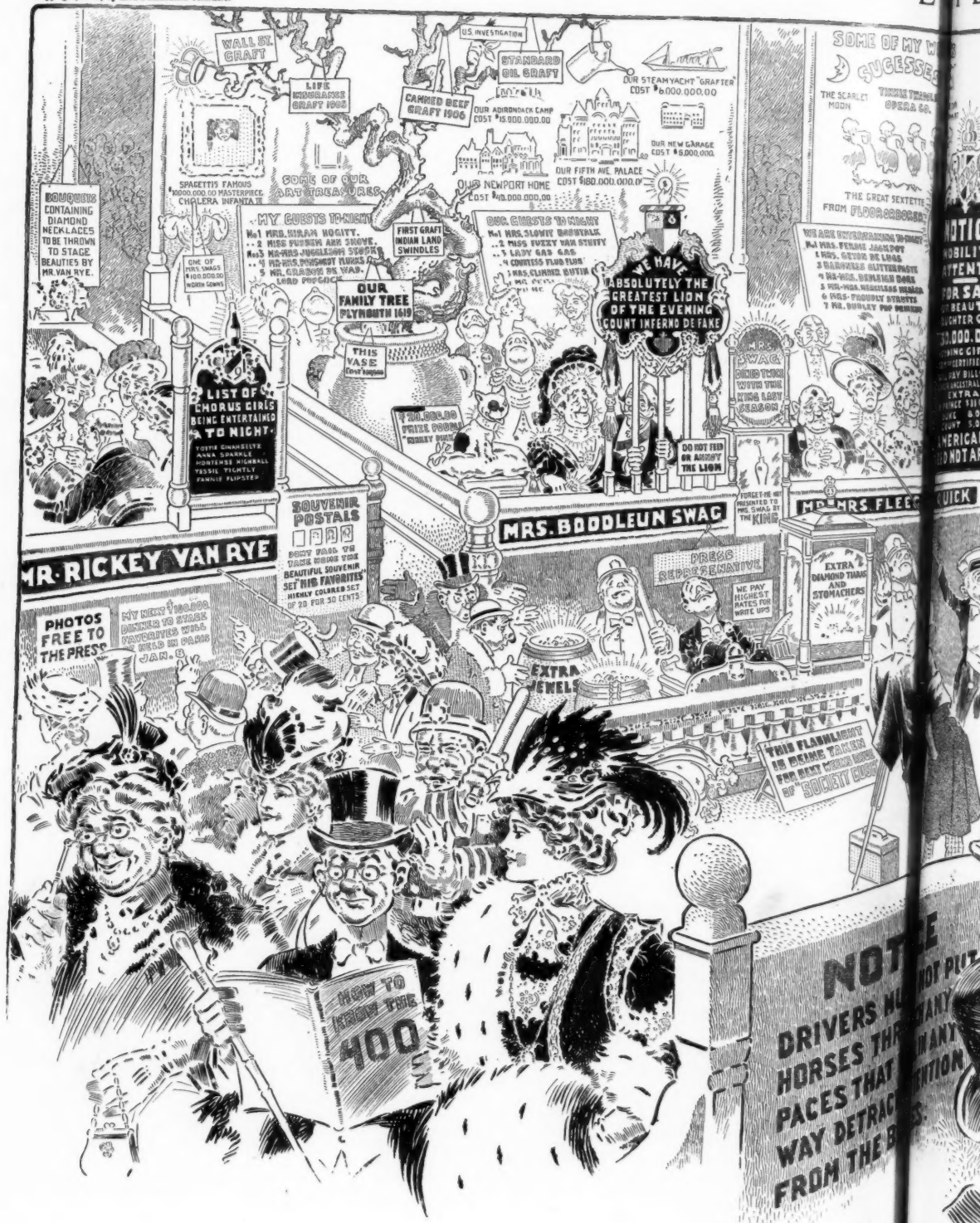
"Gentlemen," he said, "Mr. Morgan will cash in for us."

And then Freedom shrieked, as money rates fell.

#### VI

That night in every Brooklyn, Harlem and Manhattan hamlet little children said:

"God bless papa, mamma and Mr. Morgan, that we still have our Teddybears."





OF MY W  
CESSES  
THIRTEEN  
OPERA CO.  
GREAT SEXTETTE  
ORCHESTRA  
JACQUES  
DE L'AM  
GUTTERPATE  
DANIEL DORE  
BOGARDUS WIDOW  
HONEY SWEETS  
BY POP MURDER  
S. FLEECE  
NOTICE  
PERS H  
SES TH  
S THAT  
DETRAC  
THE B

WE HOLD THE  
NEWPORT RECORD  
FOR DIVORCE



FAMOUS PORTRAIT GROUP  
BY SARGENT OF MR. MINUS  
MORALS AND EX. WIVES.

OUR GUESTS TONIGHT  
MRS. HIGHLY DEAST  
MRS. REGULAR ROUNDER  
MR. MRS. CREATION DE QUET  
MRS. FURRY VAN CLIMBER  
MR. CALLED WHEN MOYLEAR

MR. MANNERS B. DAM  
FORMER COACHMAN  
WILL APPEAR IN  
ORIGINAL COACHMAN  
COSTUME EVERY  
EVENING AT 10 PM

SOUL  
HAYES

OUR GUESTS TONIGHT  
MRS. SOLVER BULLDOZ  
MR. MRS. VERY PATWAD  
MRS. DRIBLY DAM VOLLER  
MR. SEEMING SELLERHORE  
MR. GUZZLER VAN BODES

OUR GUESTS TONIGHT  
COUNT BURNLEY SAGOO  
MRS. GUSHER FLAGBAST  
MRS. CHUMNEY DEAT  
MR. WILLEN

DIVORCED WIVES

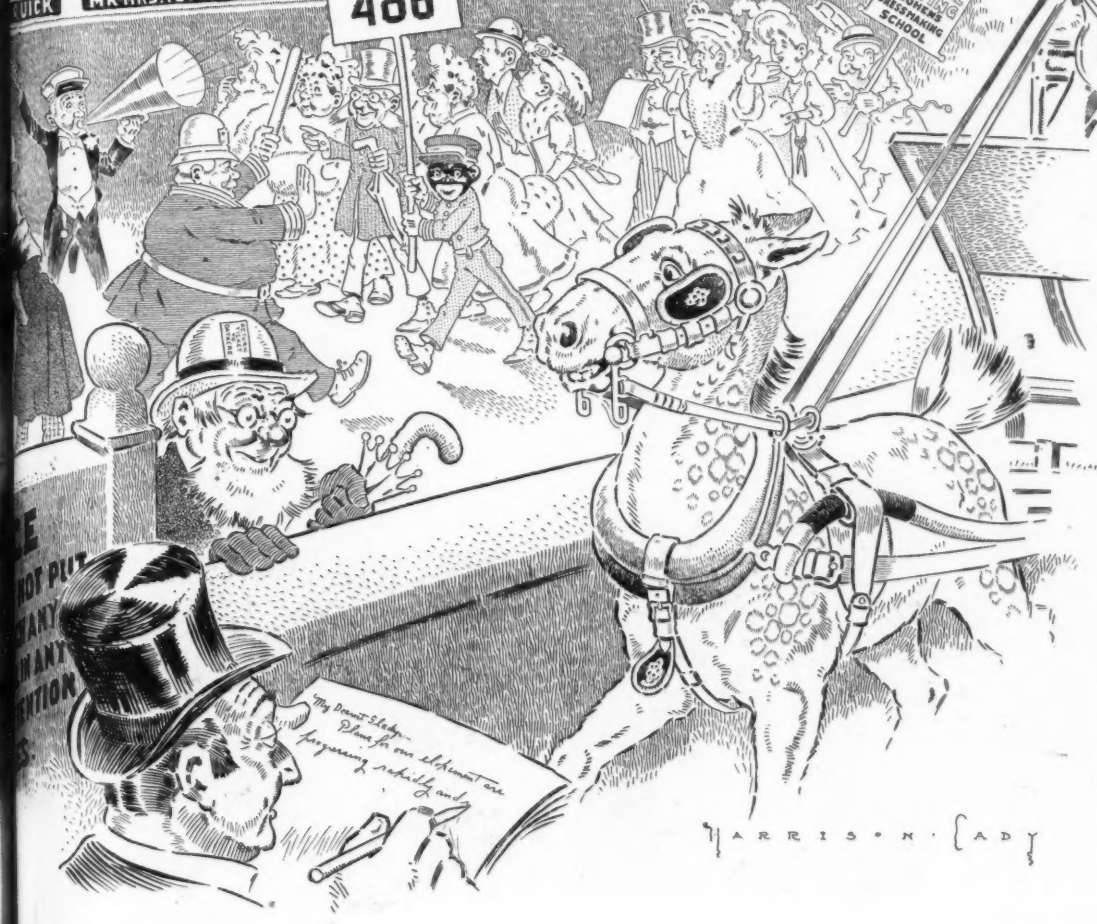
SEEING  
THE  
400

MINUS MORALS

MR. MRS. MANNERS B. DAM

GRAND  
ANNUAL  
OUTING  
COOKING  
WESSMAKING  
SCHOOL

MR. MRS. TOTTERTON GAYPAGE



HARRISON Cady



### Again the Lady Dramatist

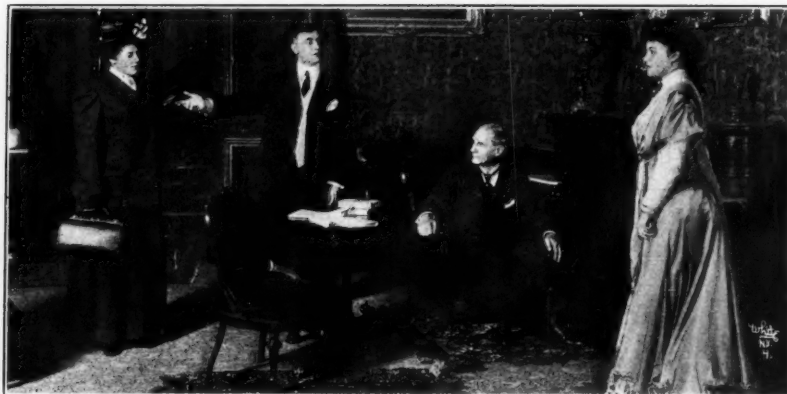


Patsy and Ellinor

GOODNESS knows, it's hard enough to win the good opinion of a first-night audience when every human precaution has been taken against the ever-present likelihood of failure. What chance, then, of making a good first impression, and what is called an "instantaneous hit," when the play is a simple domestic drama and the most important audience it will ever face is wearied and exhausted by prolonged waits between

its none too exciting acts? The excuses of the management may be the most valid in the world, and in the case of Rachel Crothers's "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick" it is evident that the really excellent scenes are elaborate to handle. These facts, though, do not remove the perhaps fatal injustice that was done to the play by the first-night delays.

The author herself is also to blame for some of the fatigue that came to the audience, although her defects of over-elaboration and injudicious division of the acts would not have been so important if her auditors had not been kept so long in their seats. The play deals with the fortunes of an American family with no competent head, owing to the negative character of the father and the chronic invalidism of the mother. The key-note to this state of affairs is admirably struck in the first act, which reveals a domestic interior in the gloomy era of black walnut and green-and-gold-wall-paper decoration. This school of furnishing and decoration is accurately followed in the other rooms shown in the following acts, and its absolute fidelity to this period makes a strong impression on those in the audience whose youth was clouded by it in the years immediately following the Civil War. Upon this dark background is at once projected the cheering figure of *Mrs. Patrick*, the trained nurse, who, in addition to her professional duties, assumes those of director of the destinies of every one else with whom she comes in contact. In real life trained nurses sometimes undertake this contract, rarely successfully, and usually with considerable



THE COMING OF *Mrs. Patrick*

detriment to the work they are hired for. Except in the case of *Ellinor*, the Lawton family's chilly eldest daughter, *Patsy*, as she comes affectionately to be called, has plastic material to deal with and accomplishes all her benevolent purposes even to marrying the young doctor who got her the job with the Lawtons.

It will be remembered that in "The Three of Us" Rachel Crothers displayed an unusual faculty for reading human nature as it is developed in American circumstances and turning it into credible and realistic dramatic material. In the present instance she gives another exhibition of this power, although her dramatic composition lacks the coherency to hold the interest of the audience at all points. This is particularly true of the last act, where the attention devoted to detail impedes the progress to a not very startling climax.

\* \* \*

"THE COMING OF MRS. PATRICK" is well cast; competently acted and excellently staged. The title part is given to

Laura Nelson Hall, who looks the part, is of agreeable presence and realizes faithfully its possibilities. One's first impression of some of the more intimate episodes is that she is a bit too matter of fact, too mechanical, too little emotional and lacking in sympathy, but reflection shows that if this is intended it is quite in character. Trained nurses, doctors, clergymen, undertakers and others whose callings bring them in frequent contact with humanity in trouble are bound to acquire a professional tone and manner which may or may not cloak real feeling. They suffice to those for whom they are intended, even if they do not carry complete conviction to the calmer bystander. Miss (or Mrs.) Hall gives this impression when it might perhaps be easier to introduce into those scenes the more usual conventional stage emotions. In fact, she makes a very fine distinction in the expression of the feeling called out by her own troubles and those of others.

The young women in the cast do very creditable work indeed. They are Eliza-



Patsy IS NOT TO BE BLUFFED

beth Stewart, as the elder daughter whose frigidity finally melts under the thawing influence of *Patsy*; Millicent Evans, the younger daughter, with misplaced affections, put in their proper place by *Patsy*; Minnette Barrett, as *Pauline Shank*, from Chicago, with Chicago notions of dress which are moderated by *Patsy*, and Perla Landers, a young person with a past who is given a brand-new and perfectly moral future by *Patsy*. *Patsy* brings cheer to the very doleful *Mr. Lawton*, father of the family; *Patsy* saves *Billy*, the Lawton son (well played by Mr. Walter Thomas), from drink and other entanglements, and *Patsy* also steers *Mr. Forrest Winant*, impersonating with much cleverness *Tom Crowel*, an awkward boy friend of the *Lawtons*, in the proper direction. *Patsy* makes life happy for the servants, and *Patsy* finally marries *Dr. Bruce*, after *Patsy* has put to rout *Dudley Birmingham*, the villain. And such a villain. Miss (or Mrs.) Crothers is not good at villains. She has evidently been fortunate enough not to meet real ones.

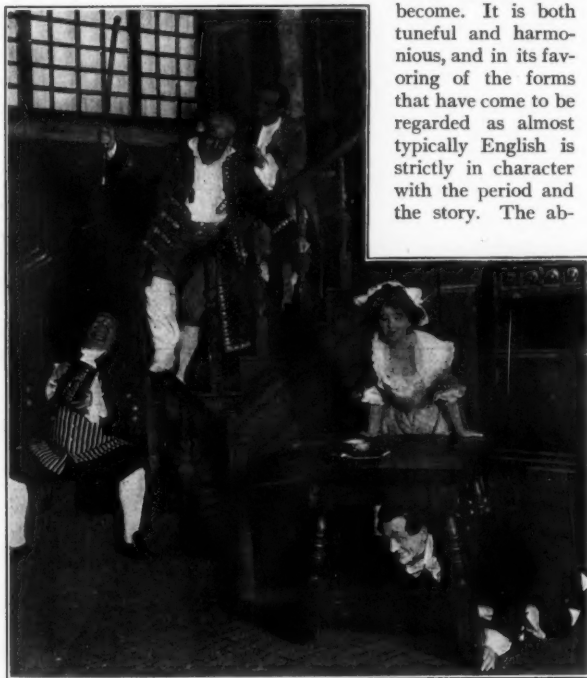
The few remaining New Yorkers who can sit through a stage performance that is not musicated will find "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick" both interesting and amusing. By this time it has doubtless been brought down in playing time to a reasonable length.

\* \* \*

**HENRY FIELDING, ESQ'RE**, would never recognize his own "Tom Jones" in its present musicated and expurgated edition at the Astor Theatre. Not that the spirit of Fielding is entirely lost by the librettists, but no man of the author's time could picture the brilliancy, gorgeousness and great elaboration concentrated on our modern stage. The story is certainly given a brilliant setting in costume, lights and scenery, although the polite modern humor supplied in the book of the opera falls very far short of the vigorous and robust fun of the classic novel.

Musically, "Tom Jones" is so far above what passes ordinarily for comic opera that it gives an emphatic exposition of what a mis-

nomer that term has become. It is both tuneful and harmonious, and in its favoring of the forms that have come to be regarded as almost typically English is strictly in character with the period and the story. The ab-



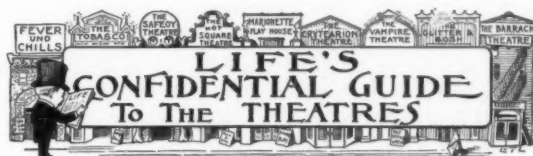
A SCENE FROM THE MUSICATED VERSION OF "TOM JONES"

sence of rag-time, cake walk and topical song may put it above the comprehension and liking of the crowd that patronizes the commercial brand of "comic opera," but more cultivated tastes will find in the music of "Tom Jones" not only much that is pleasing but an admirable example of what might be called the Victorian school of operatic composition. Many of the early forms in which Sir Arthur Sullivan delighted will be found charmingly exploited in Mr. Edward German's carefully worked out score.

Miss Louise Gunning's singing and acting as *Sophia Western* place her in the first place among American light opera prima donnas. Refined and graceful in manner and with a voice well trained and agreeable in quality, she has worked her way up to the very top of the ladder in this kind of work. Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler also shows marked improvement and his performance of *Tom Jones* was agreeable and entirely sufficient. Mr. William Norris brought his clean-cut methods as a comedian to bear effectively on the slight material furnished to him as *Benjamin Partridge*. Miss Gertrude Quinlan as *Honour* was less funny than as the daughter of the boarding-house lady in "The College Widow," but gave a creditable performance of a rather difficult rôle. The remaining large cast gave a sprightly, well-balanced and animated rendering of the music and action.

Parents of families need not be deterred by the title from taking their offspring to see and hear "Tom Jones." It is comic opera of a higher class than has been presented here for a long time.

Metcalfe.



*Academy of Music*—"The Lion and the Mouse." Mr. Charles Klein's remarkably successful and interesting octopus drama.

*Astor*—"Tom Jones." See opposite.

*Belasco*—Last week but one of Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Belasco's absorbing drama of early California mining days.

*Berkeley Lyceum*—Mr. Arnold Daly, Mme. Hanako and others in triple bill. Three unusually interesting playlets, in the main done well.

*Bijou*—Mme. Nazimova in Ibsen's "The Doll's House." An unusual performance worth seeing.

*Casino*—"The Gay White Way." Music, girls and imitations. Frothy, but diverting.

*Criterion*—"The Morals of Marcus." Notice later.

*Daly's*—Last week but one of "The Great Divide," with Margaret Anglin, Mr. Henry Miller and good cast.

*Empire*—Mr. John Drew, well supported in amusing comedy from the French, entitled "My Wife."

*Garden*—May Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Notice later.

*Hackett*—Mr. John Mason in "The Witching Hour." New play by Mr. Augustus Thomas. Notice later.

*Herald Square*—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Amusing musical farce well done by Mr. Lew Fields and large cast.

*Hippodrome*—Last week but one of "Neptune's Daughter" and "Pioneer Days." Spectacle and ballet. Imposing and worth seeing.

*Keith and Proctor's Theatres*—Vaudeville and revivals of former dramatic successes.

*Lincoln Square*—Aborn Opera Company in "The Mikado."

*Lyric*—"The Girls of Holland." Notice later.

*Majestic*—"The Top o' th' World." Lively and laughable extravaganza well done.

*Madison Square*—"The Coming of Mrs. Patrick." New play by the author of "The Three of Us." See opposite.

*Manhattan Opera House*—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

*Stuyvesant*—"A Grand Army Man." Mr. Belasco's latest success with Mr. David Warfield, admirably supported.

*Weber's*—"Hip! Hip! Hooray!" Frothy, musical piece with burlesque. Only slightly amusing.

*West End*—Changing bill of dramatic attractions.



## THE LATEST BOOKS



MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, in addition to his versatility of invention and his engaging gifts as a teller of stories, has always been something of a literary chameleon. He never loses his pleasant identity, yet ever reflects the prevailing tone of the surrounding fiction. It is not therefore surprising to find that his new story, *The Younger Set*, is, like his last, *The Fighting Chance*, a story of New York society, alternatingly graceful and strident. But it is carrying adaptability a bit far to swell a three hundred page subject into a five hundred page volume, just because the three volume novel seems to be coming into its own again. This superfluous space is assigned to conversation and is divided pro rata among the subscribers, with the unhappy result that the characters talk as though they were all faucets and all needed washers.

*The Successor*, being Richard Pryce's account of how Lord Alton de Merringham, finding himself still childless after having married three wives, provided himself with an heir apparent, is a really clever example of how much can be told without actually putting it into words. In fact the story is one that will bring smiles to the lips of the "wise," but will bring nothing more regrettable than a puzzled expression into the eyes of innocence. It contains a quartet of character sketches that place it well above the average, both as comedy and as fiction.

Mr. J. B. Connolly has once more been a'fishing with the Gloucester fleet, and his catch is set forth in a volume of short stories called *The Crested Seas*. Mr. Connolly's luck was not quite so good as usual. Good ideas seem not to have been biting. His string consists of a few medium sized cod, a sculpin or two, and an occasional dogfish. Either the ground is pretty well fished out, or Mr. Connolly ran out of bait, or there was a North wind. We'll know later.

The second volume of *The Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne* covers the period from 1815 to 1819, during which the writer saw much history in the making and lived both in Italy and in England, where her father was French Ambassador. The book, which is the work of a cosmopolite of a supple and wiry intelligence, equally free from malice and illusions, and writing with complete finish but apparent unconcern, is distinctly worth the reading.

The story which Sarah N. Cleghorn calls *A Turnpike Lady* is a bit of Revolutionary realism as opposed to Revolutionary romance. One has sometimes wondered how the other half lived in '76, the half that was not present at the battle of Monmouth and did not attend Sir William Howe's ball at Philadelphia. *A Turnpike Lady* is a modest but not uninteresting answer.

Stewart Edward White's *Camp and Trail* is a book upon outfitting for wilderness travel. The name of the author probably stands for more, in this connection, to American readers than that of any other one man, and the book is quite up to name. Its frank, succinct, personal opinions, founded upon personal experience, entitle it to a place in any sporting library.

*The Emancipation of Miss Susana* is a little story with a long name, by Margaret Hannis. It is a naive little story with nothing to it but a transparent little plot that it would be a breach of confidence to give away. And it is only mentioned *à propos* of asking why a series of novelettes should be called "Hour Glass Stories" if they merely serve to waste time. Most of us only use an hour glass when there are some eggs boiling.

J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Younger Set*, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Successor*, by Richard Pryce. (Duffield and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Crested Seas*, by J. B. Connolly. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

*The Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne*, edited by Charles Nicoulaud. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.)

*A Turnpike Lady*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

*Camp and Trail*, by Stewart Edward White. (The Outing Company. \$1.25.)

*The Emancipation of Miss Susana*, by Margaret Hannis. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$0.40.)

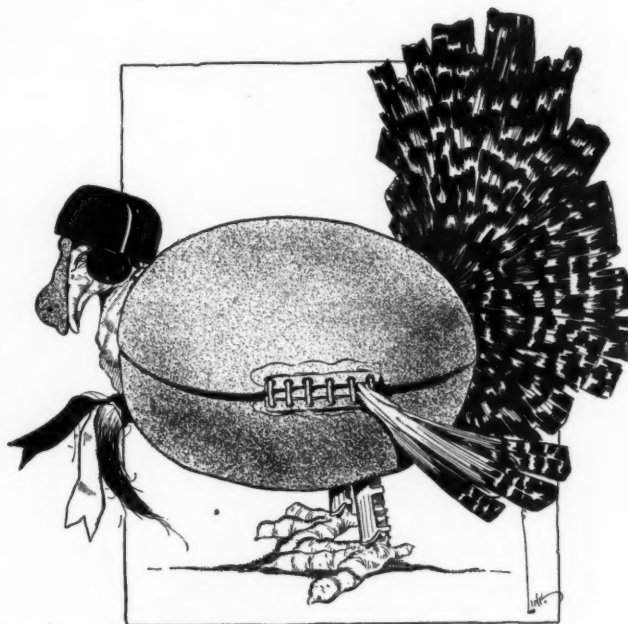
## Financial Styles

BLUE will be the prevailing color this winter, although the standard shades of green and gold will still be very popular. In mixed goods, figures will be much smaller and there will not be so many checks. It is likely that a few stripes will be worn, but the stripes will go around the body instead of up and down.

The green goods will be made up more simply and with fewer trimmings than last season, although there will be not a few ruffles. Wastes will be shorter.

Fronts are not so straight as they were and everything will be tight, with a few gathers here and there. Many veils will be raised.

Very little velvet will be seen.



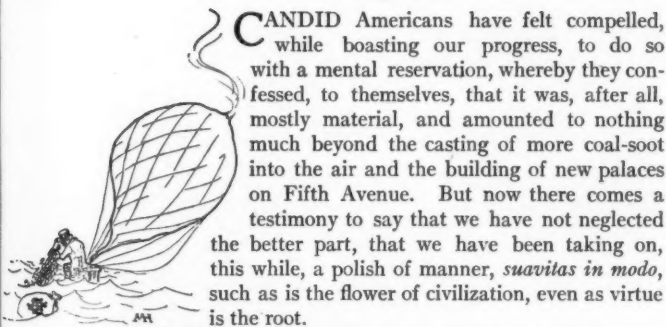
THE COLLEGE BIRD

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AN ANTIQUE SOFA  
HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED

### Progress



CANDID Americans have felt compelled, while boasting our progress, to do so with a mental reservation, whereby they confessed, to themselves, that it was, after all, mostly material, and amounted to nothing much beyond the casting of more coal-soot into the air and the building of new palaces on Fifth Avenue. But now there comes a testimony to say that we have not neglected the better part, that we have been taking on, this while, a polish of manner, *suavitas in modo*, such as is the flower of civilization, even as virtue is the root.

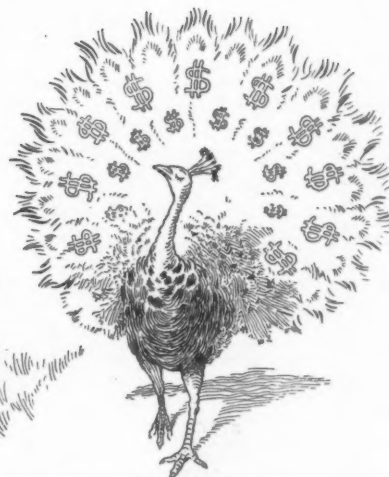
Twenty years ago a great personage in the transportation line, called upon to enunciate a changeless truth, said: "The public be damned." In the present year of grace, another personage, not less great, and likewise in the transportation line, says: "The dividends are in the straps." Thus far have we come in two decades.

And it is far, indeed. When princes, potentates and powers in the world of finance come to think it worth their while to choose their words, and soften them, we have come far.

Ramsey Benson.

### In Gotham

CAR entrance and exit. In at one jerk, out at another.



A HINT TO OUR SPENDTHRIFT LADIES

MRS. HATTERSON: Is Mrs. Witherby a good bridge player?

MRS. CATTERSON: The best one in our church.



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## HE WON OUT

A curious person of a certain town, who loved to find out everything about the new residents, espied the son of a new neighbor, one morning, in a doctor's office.

"Good-morning," he said. "Little boy, what is your name?"

"Same as dad's," was the quick reply.

"Of course, I know, little boy, but what is your dad's name, dear?"

"Same as mine, sir."

Still he persisted: "I mean what do they say when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me; I allus gets there first. See?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## HIS HUMBLE USES

She was versed in Greek and Latin,  
She was versed in German, too;  
She was versed in all the classics,  
And the poets old and new.  
She had studied art and music,  
And in culture she was graced;  
But I note her weary husband  
Had to button up her waist.

She could talk of bygone heroes,  
She could tell offhand their names;  
She could tell when Rome was founded,  
And the date it fell in flames.  
She could tell of styles and fashions  
At a mile-a-minute rate;  
But she had to ask her husband  
If her hat was pinned on straight.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

MISS DRESSWELL had just returned after spending a week with a country friend. Imagine her consternation when she discovered her previously well-stocked wardrobe empty. "Gracious, George!" she said to her brother. "Where are all my clothes? And what in the world is that great black patch on the lawn?" The face of George exhibited all the well-known signs of conscious righteousness, and he met her gaze unflinchingly. "Maria," he replied, consolingly, "you wrote to me that if I wanted the key of the billiard-room I should find it in the pocket of your bolero." "Yes, yes!" "Well, I don't know a bolero from a fichu or a box pleat, so I took all the things to the lawn and burned them. Then I recovered the key from the ashes." She froze him with a stare, and he is now thawing slowly on the kitchen stove. —*Argonaut.*

## FROM CONSTANT READER

Henry White, our Secretary of Embassy at Paris, tells of a brilliant reporter on a French journal who holds a strong objection to the note-book, dear to most of his associates.

The Parisian newspaper man wears large white cuffs, and on these he is said to jot down such events as appeal to him, with suggestions for his subsequent articles. At first, the story runs, his laundress was much puzzled by these hieroglyphics, but as time went on she became able to read them, and apparently derived much benefit and pleasure therefrom.

One day the journalist received with his laundered garments a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your last washing was very interesting, but we should be glad to have you give us more political news."—*Harper's Weekly.*

## A HARD ORDER

Mike had only recently been made foreman of the section-gang, but he knew the respect due his rank.

"Finnegan," he said to an argumentative assistant, "I'll have something out of you but silence—and mighty little of that."—*Youth's Companion.*

"I've just heard of a great investment. Do you want to make a barrel of money?"

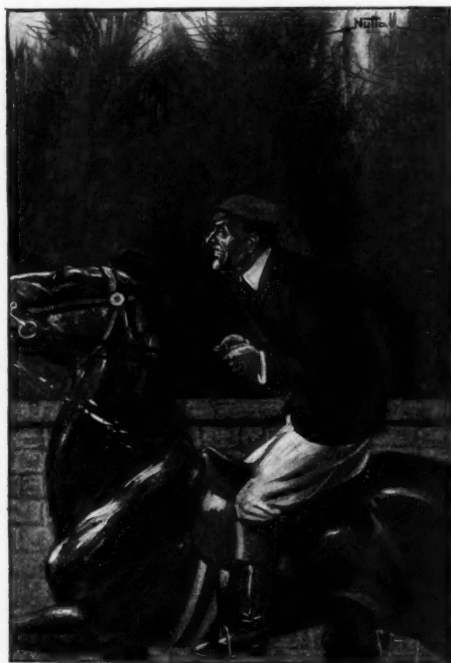
"Sure! What is it?"

"You see it's a certainty—no chance of its going wrong."

"It's certainly all right. I'll go in for a few thousands."

"Some of the biggest New York financiers are in the deal."

"WHAT! Why didn't you say so before? Excuse me, if they're in, you can count me out of the deal."—*With McCutcheon Cartoon in Chicago Tribune.*



"OH! OH! OUCH! NOW I KNOW WHERE THAT CONFOUNDED COLLAR-BUTTON WENT."

BISHOP WILLIAMS, of Connecticut, for many years president of the Episcopal Church, lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the States was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain per cent. every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you would have to pay a hundred dollars a year." "Well," said the Bishop, quietly, "it's wuth it."—*Bellman.*

THERE WAS an Englishman who imported a famous wolf-hound from Europe some years ago, to get rich catching wolves for the scalp money offered by the State of Texas—\$10 each. Some genuine Texas sports were invited to witness the first chase. They followed many miles through the prairie grass, but without getting sight of either wolf or hound. Finally they came to a wooded spot, where a stuttering native was chopping. "Did you see a wolf and a hound pass just now?" cried the Englishman. "Y-e-e-e-s, sir; they j-j-jus' passed." "How was the race?" "P-u-u-ry hot; nip an' t-t-t-tuck. T-t-t-t the dog wa-wa-was a leetle ahead."—*Rochester Herald.*

## AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece; And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece. So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.

And now this is what happened: He was called upon, one week, And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak! His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head! And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:

"My Beautiful, my Beautiful, who standest proudly by,  
It was the schooner *Hesperus*—the breaking waves dashed high!  
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?  
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!

"When Freedom from her mountain height cried, Twinkle,  
little star,  
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!  
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,  
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

"If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,  
The curfew must not ring to-night! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!  
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"

His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;  
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.  
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,  
So long as I declaim with oratorical display!"

—*Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.*

A YOUNG constable arrived in a certain borough in Scotland and in the course of duty found it essential to apprehend a very old offender. Arrived at the police station he ushered him into the cells with the comment, "Mind the step."  
"Gae awa', man," said the prisoner, with contempt. "I kent the step afore ye was born."—*Tit-Bits.*

## CONFUSING ENGLISH

"I see one of our battleships reported fast in the mud."

"Well?"

"I was just thinking that a ship fast in the mud ought to be a record-breaker on the open sea."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE automobile as an aid in meeting bank runs has proved immensely valuable. With the perfection of the aeroplane panics will be impossible.—*New York Post.*

## THE FAMINE SAVED HIM

A remark made nearly twenty years ago, says a writer in the London *Telegraph*, is still numbered among the gems in the king's collection of Irish bulls.

It was a time of famine, and Miss Balfour, the sister of the former premier of England, Arthur Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, was one of the noble hearted band of men and women who were helping with food and clothes the victims of those black days.

As she sat in a cabin one morning, an old man called down blessings on the head of her distinguished brother, and on the heads of all those who had ministered to the wants of the poor. "And sure, me sweet leddy," he said, "if it hadn't been for the famine, it's starving we'd be this day."

THE millionaire from Pittsburg was observed to be loitering outside of the pearly gates. "Why don't you hurry up and knock?" queried a shade. "I'm waiting for that other chap to get ahead of me," whispered the Pittsburg millionaire. "And who is he?" "Why, a grafter from San Francisco. By the side of him I will seem as innocent as a lamb."—*Chicago News.*

## HE MEANT IT

There is a Western politician, now serving his State in the halls of Congress, who is well known for his disinclination to admit that he is ill, as well as for his circumlocutory method of expression.

One day a friend asked after the great man's health. "Thomas," said the conservative representative cautiously, "I am not well, but I am better than I was when I was worse than I now am."—*Lippincott's.*

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Are you as particular about your underwear?

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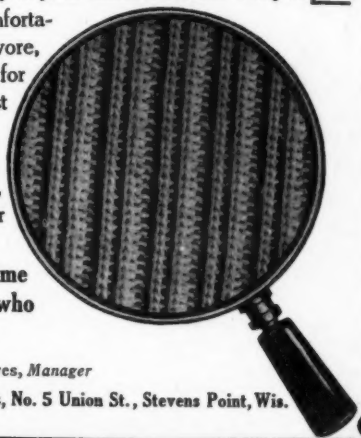
They are the most comfortable undersuits you ever wore, because they are made for you alone, and made in just the way you want them.

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Write for samples and name of local representative, who will take your measure.

C. W. Hayes, Manager

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We offer a very complete line of high-grade Tailored Suits cut in the latest style, including practically every color and material now in vogue.

**At 28.00**—A very attractive suit of English Cheviot, colors black or navy, very jaunty hip-length jacket, lined throughout with satin, inlaid velet collar, and full pleated skirt.

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In addition to these we have finer suits at 35.00, 40.00, 45.00, 50.00 and up to 150.00.

We also direct special attention to a very full line of tailored Waists in Scotch Flannel, 5.50; Viyella Flannel, 6.50; Saxony Flannel, 7.50 and 8.50; as well as Waists in Scotch Madras at 3.50, 4.00 and 4.50, and an attractive line in Butcher's Linen at 5.00 each.

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hats are for the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

**Knapp-Felt DeLuxe**—the best hats made—are Six Dollars

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Write for "The Hatman"

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whether for giving or for keeping. It is doubtful if imitations ever



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SH-HI

Determined that the red mist of crime which shrouds in crimson mystery the death of Caroline May Sapp must be cleared away, convinced that the cruel palm of the hand of a fate now most terrible must be opened to disclose the bloody finger-prints of murder, most revolting, and with practised eye and tact born of ripe experience inspecting every possible clue and cross-examining any one, every one whom he thinks may reveal information of value, a man with a jaunty carriage, springing step and keen, piercing eyes is mingling with the people of Moran. He is a Pinkerton detective. He has begun work on the Sapp murder mystery, for such it has come to be called, with instructions to stay at it until it is solved.—*Iola (Kansas) Index.*

**THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY:** The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

A CHARMING young lady went into the principal stationer's shop in a country town and asked to see some thin note paper. After selecting what she desired, she hesitated for a moment.

"Do you make any reduction to clergymen?" she asked, softly.

"Certainly, madam," said the stationer, with great promptness. "Are you a clergyman's wife?"

"N-no," said the young lady.

"Ah, a clergyman's daughter, then," said the shopman, as he began to tie up the paper in a neat parcel.

"N-no," was the lady's hesitating reply. Then she leaned across the counter and spoke in a confidential whisper: "But if nothing happens I shall be engaged to a theological student as soon as he comes home from college next term."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

#### THE POWER OF HABIT

**SAINT PETER:** What are those fellows trying to do—dig up the streets?

**GABRIEL:** Yes. I guess they don't know anything better—they are contractors from New York.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

As to Round the World travel—

An exclusive atmosphere is assured guests of  
**THE COLLIVER TOURS COMPANY, 270 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON**

POULTNEY BIGELOW, the famous traveler, was giving some advice to a young man who was about to join for the first time the great army of tourists on its annual trip across the Atlantic. Mr. Bigelow adverted to the extraordinary amount of painting that goes on aboard an ocean liner. "On a certain ship one day," he said, "I put my hand on a freshly painted ventilator, and, while removing the white smear, I fell into conversation with the seaman who was responsible for the trouble. He was an elderly chap, and he had visited many outlandish places. As he plied the brush, we had an interesting chat. 'How long have you been a sailor?' said I, finally. 'Sailor?' the old man grumbled, dipping his brush into the can. 'Bless yer heart, sir, I'm no sailor nowadays. I'm a bloomin' artist, that's wot I am.'"—*Argonaut.*

"As You Like It" Horse Radish

Absolutely Pure and Clean. Never touched by human hands in its making. 10 cents a bottle east of Denver.

IT WAS the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn-out articles which were to be inspected, handed in, and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum-heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon, and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another, his anger increased perceptibly, until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum-heads! Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum *all over* that drum, I tell you!"—*Harper's Monthly.*

#### BALLOONISTS' CRIME

The following advertisement is published in the *Kreisblatt*, a newspaper published at Hoechst, near Wiesbaden: "Can any one favor me with the names of the balloonists who, when passing over the village of Ried last Thursday evening, dropped a bag of ballast down my chimney, and completely ruined a fruit-tart which I was cooking?—Julia Schmidt, 14, Britzelgasse, Ried."

What is Bridge without a "Rad-Bridge"?

If you have not used my razor, you are in no position to determine its merits or criticize its value.



We have upwards of a million users today and this number is increasing every hour by the hundred. This record in less than three years, before the world, speaks for itself.

If you are a self-shaver or wish to become one, the "GILLETTE" will aid you as no other razor can. It is simple, practical and easy to use because of the non-stropping, non-honing blades.

These double-edged, flexible blades are so inexpensive that when they become dull throw them away as you would an old pen.

The Gillette razor consists of triple silver plated holder, 12 double-edged blades—24 keen edges, packed in a velvet lined leather case and the price is \$5.00 at all Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Combination sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Ask your dealer for the "GILLETTE" today and shave yourself with ease, comfort and economy for the rest of your life.

If substitutes are offered, refuse them and write us at once, for our booklet and free trial offer.

**GILLETTE SALES COMPANY**

228 TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



**Jaeger**  
SANITARY UNDERWEAR  
FOR  
**Men, Women and Children**  
IT IS PURE  
IT IS POROUS  
IT IS PROTECTIVE  
IT IS  
**All Wool in all Weights and All Weights for all Wants**  
Write for samples and booklet of particulars.  
**Dr. Jaeger's S. W. S. Co.'s Own Stores**  
New York: 306 Fifth Ave., 22 Maiden Lane.  
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Phila.: 3546 Chestnut St. Chicago: 82 State St.  
Agents in all Principal Cities

15-1/2  
Patented June 21, 1898 May 9, 1903  
**The size is always on the Tie**  
**The "Perfect" Dress Tie**  
is wriggle-proof and twist-free. Keeps you from fingering, fussing, fretting. Buttons on like a collar and "stays put." Every size for every collar. White or Black.  
At all better shops. Accept no substitute and look carefully for this label—"THE PERFECT TIE."  
Keys & Lockwood, Union Square, North, New York



### A Nature Fake

IT WAS the venerable John Burroughs, not President Roosevelt, who started the campaign against nature faking. Mr. Burroughs has for years, with ridicule no less than with logic, punctured the nature faker's bag of gas.

At a dinner in Boston he narrated a nature fake. It was as easy to believe, he said, as many of the nature writers' anecdotes.

"My cousin's wife's baby was very ill, and finally the crisis came, and the little one fell into a deep sleep. The sleep was to be decisive. On the child's awakening the doctor would know whether it would live or die.

"Well, in order that this momentous slumber might not be disturbed, my cousin's wife, going about on tiptoe, muffled everything—chair legs, cups and saucers, plates, the doorbell.

"And Sa, the noble dog, from his seat on the sofa, taking in the situation at a glance, silently got up on a chair and stopped the eight-day clock by touching the pendulum with his paw."—*New York Times*.

THE *Medical Press*, replying to a correspondent who asked whether dogs ever suffer from seasickness, says:

"Your question is rather an odd one, but we are sufficiently versed in comparative anatomy to be able to assure you that dogs do suffer from seasickness. Nor are they the only animals which do, for horses and cattle are subject to the malady, too. The question was treated of in the spring by M. Landrieux, who read a paper before the Société de Pathologie Comparée in Paris, in which he gave some striking instances. One fox-terrier puppy, eleven months old, fell an easy prey to the malady. The symptoms were practically the same as in man. Lack of interest in surroundings, dejection, salivation and vomiting, with rapid recovery on reaching terra firma."

### A New Definition

A RATHER cynical joke has been recently credited to Senator Platt.

The Senator on his last visit to the Manhattan Beach Hotel allowed a pretty little girl, a Western millionaire's daughter, to be presented to him.

The little girl, in the course of one of her many delightful chats with the aged statesman, said:

"Tell me, won't you, Senator, what political economy is?"

"Political economy, my dear child," Senator Platt replied, "is the art of never buying more votes than you actually need."—*Washington Star*.

THE very complex and sensitive emotional nature of the dog shows itself in the extraordinary capacity for affection, for devoted love—for love with this special characteristic, that the affection of the dog for its own kind is altogether inferior to its affection for man. That man has given largely his own love to the dog is the only explanation, and that the dog has accepted his love as the most precious thing, the love of a higher being, and has responded to it with a completeness that gives to the canine race the right to be called preeminently the friend and lover of man.—*The Abolitionist*.

DURING a high-browed discussion at the Players' Club, in New York, the other day, a friend asked Raymond Hitchcock to define the difference between a tragedian and a comedian, to which the "Yankee Tourist" star replied: "Well, I hate to talk about myself, but I have come to believe that a comedian is simply an actor with blond hair, while a tragedian is a brunette who thinks he is an actor."

"How about the brunette comedians and the blond tragedians?"

"They're nature-fakers."—*Harper's Weekly*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
"Its purity has made it famous."



## Only One Way Home from California

Use the SHASTA-NORTHERN PACIFIC route and see Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Puget Sound and its snow covered peaks, Spokane and the Inland Empire Country.

### Make the tour of Yellowstone Park

and follow the windings of the historic Clark Fork and Yellowstone rivers.

Send six cents for "Eastward Through The Storied Northwest." A new and improved edition just ready.

## Northern Pacific Railway

A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.  
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Exposition, 1909



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*Imperial*  
**EXTRA DRY**

"Waiter, be sure and bring me Cook's Imperial; I have known that champagne for years and can depend on its uniformity of quality—it equals the best vintages of the Old World."

Served Everywhere



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With 1907's Improvements. The swiftest, safest, strongest sled ever invented. The fastest sled for boys. The only sled girls can properly control. Steering without dragging the feet lets it go full speed—saves its cost in shoes the first season—prevents wet feet, colds and doctor's bills. Made of second growth white ash and steel—built to last.

### MODEL SLED FREE.

Write for cardboard model showing just how it works; sent free with colored Christmas booklet, and prices.  
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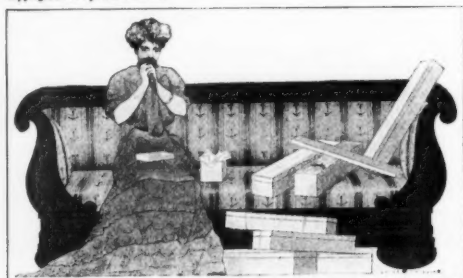
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"A room without pictures is like a room without windows."—RUSKIN

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HER CHOICE

"Smile if ye will,  
But some heart-strings  
Are closest linked  
With simplest things."

After C. Coles Phillips

India Print in Brown, 22 by 18 in.  
\$2.00

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THE TATTLE-TALE

After W. Balfour Ker

Photogravure in Sepia, 15 by 20 in.  
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—THE CUP THAT CLEARS  
TO-DAY OF PAST REGRETS AND FUTURE FEARS.

After C. Coles Phillips

Hand Mounted India Print, 22 by 18 in.  
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"EXCUSE ME, BUT WOULD YOU MIND MOVING A LITTLE TO ONE SIDE?  
WE'VE GOT TO PUT A RAILROAD THROUGH HERE."

After Gordon Grant

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ONE THING SHE HAD NOT LEARNED

After T. K. Hanna, Jr.

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THE FINAL TOUCH

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### Latest Books

*The Sleeping Lady*, by Maurice Hewlett. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Public Ownership and the Telephone in Great Britain*, by H. R. Meyer. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*Her Son*, by H. A. Vachell. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.50.)  
*A Ball of Yarn*, by Robert B. Whiting. (Paul Elder and Company. \$0.75.)  
*101 Desserts*, compiled by May E. Southworth. (Paul Elder and Company. \$0.50.)  
*Government for the People*, by J. C. Ten Eyck. (Moffat, Yard and Company. 60 cents.)  
*A Bachelor's Baby*, by Thomas L. Masson. (Moffat, Yard and Company. \$1.60.)  
*Salome*, by Oscar Wilde. (H. M. Caldwell Company.)  
*The National Gallery*. (H. M. Caldwell Company.)  
*The Louvre Gallery*. (H. M. Caldwell Company.)  
*The Voyage of the Wishbone Boat*, by Alice C. D. Riley. (H. M. Caldwell Company.)  
*Harps Hung Up in Babylon*, by Arthur Colton. (H. Holt and Company.)  
*The Youngsters of Centerville*, by Etta Anthony Baker. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)  
*A Turnpike Lady*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Character and Comedy*, by E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*Florence and Northern Tuscany*, by Edward Hutton. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.)  
*Another Book of Verses for Children*, edited by E. V. Lucas. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)  
*In High Places*, by Dolores Bacon. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Wagnerian Romances*, by Gertrude Hall. (John Lane Company. \$1.50.)  
*The Altar Fire*, by A. C. Benson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)  
*The Folk Afield*, by Eden Phillpotts. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)  
*The Ibsen Secret (Key to Prose Dramas)*, by Jennette Lee. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)  
*Christmas Carroll*, by George Wither. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)  
*The Cruise of the Make-Believes*, by Tom Gallon. (Little, Brown and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Money Magic*, by Hamlin Garland. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)  
*Gallantry*, by J. B. Cabell. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.)  
*Reincarnation*, by Swâmi Abhedânanda. (The Vedanta Society, New York.)  
*The Heart Line*, by Gelett Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)  
*The Soul Market*, by Olive C. Malvery. (The McClure Company.)  
*Old Indian Days*, by C. A. Eastman. (The McClure Company.)  
*Heart of the West*, by O. Henry. (The McClure Company.)  
*The Boys' Book of Locomotives*, by J. R. Howden. (The McClure Company.)  
*The Adventures of a Doll*, by Nora A. Smith. (The McClure Company.)  
*Thoughts on Business*, by Waldo P. Warren. (Forbes and Company, Chicago. \$1.25.)  
*Fairies I Have Met*, by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (John Lane Company.)  
*A Gentleman of Fortune*, by H. C. Bailey. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Mortmain*, by Arthur Train. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)  
*Memories of My Life*, by Sarah Bernhardt. (D. Appleton and Company. \$4.)  
*The Appreciation of Literature*, by G. E. Woodberry. (Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)

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**ABBOTT'S BITTERS**

Makes the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.

## Smelled His Way Home

**E**VEN a foxhound, whose business it is to earn a living by his nose, must have remarkable powers of smell to find his way five miles through the woods when his head is stuck in a tin can. At least, that is the way Bert Whitman, of Los Angeles, looks at it, and he is proud of his dog, Spark.

Spark went hunting recently with his master, and when it became dark he was still running a crafty old fox up on the side of Pico Mountain. There was no catching the hound and no calling him off, so Whitman left him to return home when he got ready. Frequently he had packed his gun down the mountain while the hound was still bellowing on a hot scent, and he had no fear as to his showing up in the night.

At ten o'clock, when there were no signs of Spark, Whitman left the kitchen door ajar, placed a big pan of mush and soup bones on the floor, and went to bed. Three hours later he was awakened by a clattering in the kitchen, and a moment later the hound, with his head stuck into a two-gallon milk-can, waddled erratically into the bed-room.

To say that the animal's master was surprised is putting it mildly. At first he was not sure that it was his dog, but after he spoke, Spark thumped his tail and tried to climb into bed.

It was necessary for him to use a can-opener to free the dog, and this took some fifteen minutes. All this time Spark stood perfectly still, but the moment he was released he made for his supper, and ate as if famished.

The animal probably found the can near some camp, for it was covered with rust. Doglike, he investigated the interior with hopes of finding food, and could not remove his head. He must have found his way home through scent, as it was impossible for him to see through the bottom of the can.—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Little Mixed

**A**NATAL public library catalogue contains entries as follows:

Lead, kindly Light.

"Poisoning.

Almost as funny as the catalogue which gave:

Mill—On the Human Understanding.

"—On the Floss.

—*Publisher and Retailer*.

## Only One

"At the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster Abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet.

"H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the *New Review*. Of course, this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself and so on.

"One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine, discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects, a funeral went by with slow pace.

"Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said with a worried frown:

"Can that be our subscriber?"—*Washington Star*.

## Sorry He Spoke

**W**IFE: Our daughter is twenty, and she ought to be married.

**HUBBY:** Oh, she has plenty of time. Let her wait till the right sort of man comes along.

"Not at all. I didn't wait for the right sort of man!"—*Buffalo Commercial*.



"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"To the girl that we love best!  
—when she is our toast, we don't  
want any but her."

**Trimble**  
Whiskey  
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.  
Phila. and New York

ESTABLISHED  
1793

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

## The Test

A shaving brush to be perfectly hygienic, must be able to stand sterilizing—the "boiling out" of all insanitary matter. Ordinary shaving brushes set in rosin, glue or cement can't stand this test. The setting crumbles—the bristles come out over your face, and then comes irritation and face cutting.

## Rubberset

Shaving Brushes

are made to stand any amount of sterilizing. They are set in a solid head of *Hard Vulcanized Rubber*—the only durable setting known. The bristles can't come out of this setting—that's our Guarantee. You'd be wise to throw away your old brush and get a hygienic brush—a "Rubberset."

"It's all in the setting."

Price 25c to \$6

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Rubberset  
Brush Co.  
28 Ferry St.  
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N. J.



### Wanted—a New Word

IN THIS country in our own day many words have been coined descriptive of every form of speech; of hearing at a distance, of seeing at a distance, of writing at a distance, of propelling one's self in various ways, of killing by electricity, of curing by electricity, and all the rest; but not one word has been coined for any new form of keeping still.—*Lady Bell, in the Albany Review.*

### Explains

"WHY does the professor have all of those letters tacked onto his name?"  
"That shows that he got there by degrees."—*Nashville American.*

MRS. NEWED (*sobbing*): Oh, J-John! The c-cat has e-eaten all the angel cake I b-baked this m-morning. Boo-ho-o-o!

NEWED (*consolingly*): Well, don't cry, dear! I'll buy you another cat to-morrow.—*Chicago Daily News.*



"IF THAT GILT CAGE GOES WITH ARISTOCRACY, I'D RATHER STAY A TRAMP."

### Why He Walked

"WHEN I was in New York whom do you suppose I met?"  
"Our old friend Brokerly?"  
"Yes. I encountered him walking down Broadway."  
"Walking! Why, great Scott, he owns three automobiles."  
"I know, but his chauffeurs were using them."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

CLIENT: Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?  
LAWYER: Why?  
"By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

IT IS hoped that the divorce suit against Senator Platt will not divert his mind from his official duties, or the Senate may do something the express companies do not like.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## Park & Tilford

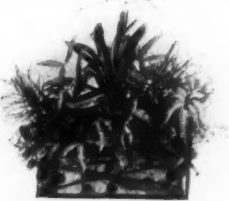
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### FINE COFFEES

Park & Tilford's Coffees are unusually fragrant and delicious, and for finest cup quality meet all exacting tastes. Indeed, they are superior to all other selections at equal prices.

Finest Genuine Java and Mocha, ... 31c. lb.  
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## The Kewanee System of Water Supply

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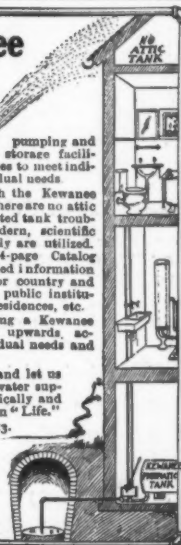
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· LIFE ·



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### A Club Cocktail

IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT

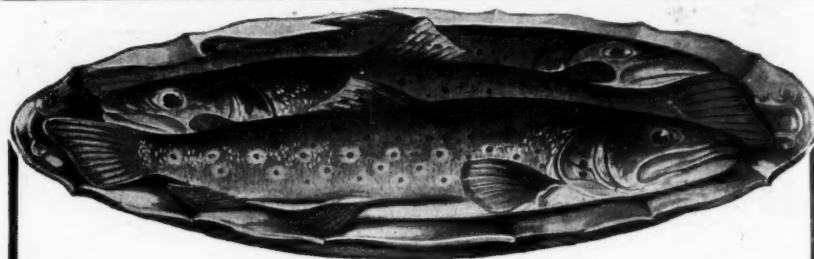


THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle :

**Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.,** Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London



Fish, more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by

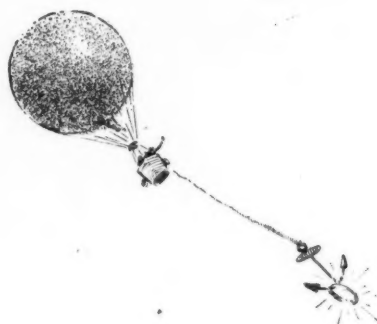
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It is a delightful seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish Salads, etc.

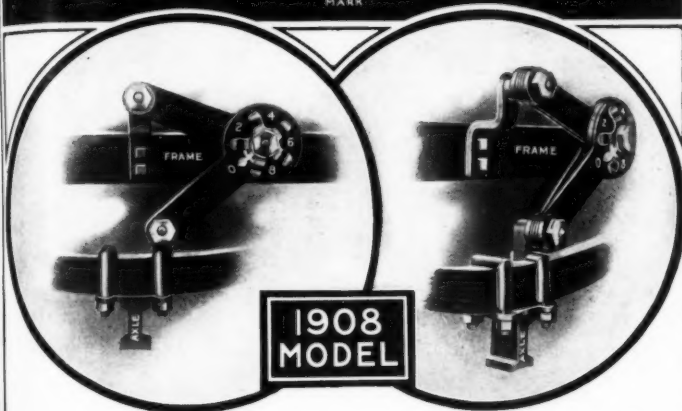
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John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.



St. Peter: GREAT SCOTT! THEY HAVE HOOKED MY HALO.

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MODEL

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The springy action of a car affects its smooth running qualities. Proper control of the springs prevents excessive oscillation which insures less wear and tear, longer life of tires, greater speed and genuine comfort.

This control of the springs can be secured only by the use of the Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber. The device that makes cobblestones and rough roads seem like asphalt.

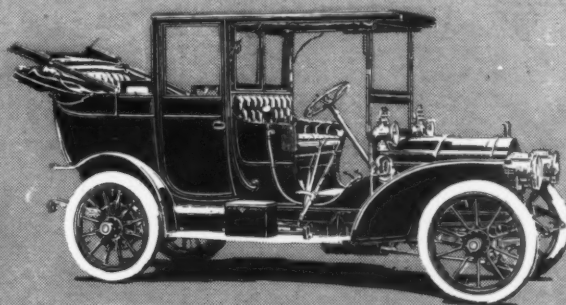
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"THIRTY"  
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PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

1883

· LIFE ·

1908

Twenty-fifth Birthday Number

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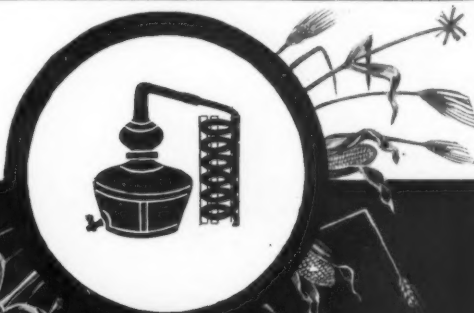
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